



























DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY;

ADDRESSED TO

ALICK M'MULLAN,

BY F. W. M.

With Explanatory Hotes, und a Map.

. Omnia large Tellus ipsa parit, Naturaque dædala rerum. Lucret, Lib. v. l. 234.

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THE CHIMNEY-TOPS.



PORT COON CAVE.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

I.

Of Strata vary the Causeway Heads,
So, Alick M'Mullen, through different brains
A different Stratum of Genius spreads:
And thus it follows, whilst some are taught
By arguments subtle, and diction terse;
That others, Alick, can only be caught
By quaint connections of jingling verse.

ALICK M'MULLEN! as different veins

II.

Then, Alick M'Mullen, will you and I
Unite together our separate skills;
Whilst I the jingling verse supply,
And you the lore of your native Hills.
Do you step forth as a sturdy Guide,
And point to each Cliff as we pass along,
And I, as an echo, will steal beside,
And shape the names into rugged song.

¹ Alick M'Mullen, now deceased, is succeeded by his brother David and his son Alick, who continue very competent guides to the Causeway.

III.

Alick M'Mullen! thus hand in hand
To the Eastward Coast our course we draw,
From the "Bayof the Cow," to the "Bayof the Sand,"
To Port na Gagna? from Port na Baw,
The Stookins3 sever the Sister Ports
Where climbs the Grandmother's4 stooping form,
And the Giant's Marbles5 strew the courts

IV.

Alick M'Mullen! yonder Well⁶
With its haggard guardian⁷ demands your part;
Oh! Alick, might not its waters tell
Of the lonely sighs of a broken heart,

As thunder-bolts from a Giant-storm.

- 1 The Hotel from which we are supposed to start, is on the Headland above Port na Baw or Cow Port.
- ² The Second Port is Port na Gagna, or the Sand Port, from a small portion of sand thrown up by the tide.
- 3 The Stookins, which divide the two, are two hills sloping into the sea, probably called from stooks or stacks—otherwise chimneys.
- 4 There is a rock half way up the largest Stookin resembling an old woman climbing up the hill. This is called the Great Grandmother.
- ⁵ Huge rocks of white lime-stone, which bear this name. Off the Port lies a rock called the Highlander's Bonnet.
- ⁶ A small well of very clear fresh water, close to the sea, at the commencement of the little Causeway, in Port na Gagna.
- 7 The old Woman who keeps the well lost her husband in a storm at sea, three hours after their marriage. She is not quite sound in the head.

Where Lilly welcomes the laughing fair,

And a triple draught¹ must its virtue prove;

One little pause in the Lady's Chair;²

And one little thought of the lady's love?

v.

Alick M'Mullen! on, Man, on!

To the central point³ of all your glory;

Now point to each favourite angled stone:

Now give to each joint its separate story.

Alick M'Mullen, well may you smile;

A nobler scene was never trod:

The Causeway is of your own dear Isle,

But give the praise and the honour to God.

VI.

Alick M'Mullen, where all is fair,
PORT NOFFER boasts of its separate pride;
THE GIANT'S LOOM, and the GIANT'S CHAIR,
And the ORGAN'S Pipes in the mountain side:

¹ Three draughts of the Well, and a seat in the Ladies' Chair, are said to ensure marriage to all young ladies who try the experiment. As many try, doubtless some succeed.

² The Ladies' Chair, in the Honeycomb, in the second Causeway.

³ The Grand Causeway. The Guides point to some pillars with peculiar interest, as "the Key Stone," one very perfect "Pentagon," one nine-sided column, the only one there.

⁴ A collection of Pillars, in some cases containing fifty-two joints. The rest are fantastic figures, to which the local names are here applied.

And Port Noffer¹ of yonder pavement strange, With Port na Gagna the right contends:

And a steeper cliff and a wider range Where the Shepherd's Path up the cliff ascends.

VII.

Alick M'Mullen! we've gained the Cliff,
With a sturdy struggle o'er grass and stone;
And though our sinews are somewhat stiff,
No matter, Alick, we'll on, we'll on,
Where the Sea-Gull's Island² skirts the deep,
By Rovinvalla's³ stately head,
And Mitre and Coronet⁴ crown the sweep,
Of the Amphitheatre's⁵ grassy bed.

VIII.

Alick M'Mullen, the Spaniard's pride
Paid little homage to Nature's frown,
When they hurled their bolts at the rock's tall side,
And dreamed they had battered a Castle down:

¹ The Causeway divides Port na Gagna from Port Noffer, and is thus placed in each.

² A rocky Island, between Port Noffer and the Amphitheatre Bay.

³ The cliff that overhangs the bay.

⁴ Fantastic figures in the rock.

⁵ A circular bay next to Port Noffer.

⁶ The Spaniards, at the time of the Armada, mistook the Chimney Headlands for the Castle of Dunluce, and knocked away some of the pillars.

But nature avenged her own good name,

Though the Chimneys staggered beneath the blow;

And Port na Spagna¹ will long proclaim

The bark of the Spaniard slept below.

IX.

Alick M'Mullen, let's ride, let's ride
On the Horse's Back² by Ben Ouran's rocks;
Beneath whose summit the Raven glides,
And watches the cub of the borrowing Fox:
From Port na Calve, the Old Wife's Sound,
To Port na Tober, the Port of the Well,
To where the Black Rocks' shadows bound
The low Port Neigh's⁵ narrow dell.

¹ The Bay takes its name from a Spanish galleon that was wrecked in it. There is an organ here, called the Spanish organ, smaller than that in Port Noffer. It was from this cliff that a woman fell some ten years ago, who is still alive.

² The name of the ridge between Port na Spagna and the neighbouring Bay, which is sometimes called Fox's Bay, from the foxes that breed there.

³ Port na Calye, "Old Wife's Bay."

⁴ Port na Tober, "The Bay of the Well."

⁵ Port Neigh, a very little bay, divided from Port na Tober by a ridge of rocks.

X.

Alick M'Mullen! halt, Man, halt!

Above the "Horse-Shoe," what glorious show!
Red Ochre cliffs and black Basalt,

And pillars ranging in double row.

Four hundred and thirty feet erect

Above the deep the columns arise:
Oh, Pleaskin! God is thine architect!

Oh, Pleaskin! thy model is in the skies!

XI.

Alick M'Mullen, in Yonder Seat, ⁴

For a breathing place, let our course be stayed;
There mark the Ocean beneath our feet,
There mark the stately Colonnade:
There people below the quiet Port,
With shapes fantastic and strange and wild,
With the pomp of a Monarch's Kingly Court, ⁵
And the homely group of a Nurse and Child. ⁶

¹ A circular Inlet, called Horse-Shoe Bay, at the foot of Pleaskin.

² According to the Ordnance Survey.

³ The finest Headland seen from the land.

⁴ Dr. Hamilton's seat, from Dr. Hamilton, who lived there six weeks whilst modelling the Causeway.

⁵ The King and his Nobles—rocks so called.

⁶ Rocks so called.

XII.

Alick M'Mullen; forward, Man!
Another Cliff and our course is o'er:
The Giant's Pulpit¹ in Huge Ben Ban,²
O'erlooks the furthest northern shore.
Down Port na Truin's pass, I ween;
The view will pay the steep descent;
Where, had not Pleaskin ever been,
Bengore³ had been magnificent.

XIII.

Alick M'Mullen! our Eastward track
Is nearly over—our course is done;
PORT BROCK, PORT FAD, and the SPIRY STACK,
In deep PORT MOON spread Eastward on:
But, Alick, we will not there delay,
Nor cheat the mind with a lesser joy,
With the ruined walls of DUNSEVERICK BAY,
Or the dark Turf Stacks⁷ of Ballintoy.

- 1 A hollow in the cliff, with circular pillars.
- ² Ben Ban, or White Cliff—the extreme cliff to the north.
- 3 The finest Headland as seen from the sea.
- ⁴ A green circular hill so called, and different bays stretching Eastward.
 - ⁵ After Bengore the scenery becomes less interesting.
 - 6 The remains of Dunseverick Castle, in the bay of the same name.
- 7 The limestone-rocks of Ballintoy are called the Turf Stacks, and are so called from their appearance.

XIV.

Alick, farewell! a trustier guide,

A readier hand I would not need,

With oar to pierce Dunkerry's side,

Or up Port Coon? my foot to lead.

Alick, farewell! may worthier strains

Record thy fame in other days;

And wealthier bards repay thy pains

With more substantial meed than praise!

FINIS.



¹ Dunkerry's Cave is the Sea cave to the eastward of the Hotel, only to be entered by water.

² Port Coon Cave can be entered both by land and water, but the land passage is a great scramble.



















